

Thoughts of a Warrior (Halo Fan-Fiction)

by SALopez

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Summary: I was assigned to do a descriptive short fiction for my Creative Writing class. Why not share it with the world? Obj: Reach 1k Words. It tells a tale of a Spartan who must destroy a Covenant Cruiser. Join her as she tells you in her prospective. Enjoy, Ms. Van! UPDATE: I did it wrong, but I scored enough points to pass!

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Thoughts of a Warrior by S.A. Lopez

It was peaceful. Quiet waves hit the shoreline. Gulls called out to others in the distance. The sun gracefully warmed up my face. It was paradise. But every Utopia must fall. I didn't arrive here by choice. I crashed landed here. My suit took most of the impact and now has reset itself, making it into an one ton, metal underwear. I will try to reflect on what happened before I literally landed in paradise.

For months, a Covenant Cruiser had parked itself over an UNSC marble nicely dubbed Planet Equestrian Drift. At first, invasions from foot soldiers was nothing the Marines could not handle. Then they deployed the Hunters and soon the UNSC bought ONI dinner and slide "Spartan Assistance" into their conversation. Soon Spartan Teams Alpha, Gamma, Epsilon, and my personal favorite Pi were on the scene. I was in Gamma. I like ours because of our signature colours, yellow with blue. Every team had its own colour brand like a child's colouring book. Gamma was settled in the shorelines of the U'throphi Islands. The Islands had the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen on any planet I have been to. Three suns in the orbit of Drift giving out perfect tanning rays. Natural hourglass sand as white as the clouds filled the shorelines to the brim. The ocean water was just a liquid window to the sea floor. Vegetation and animal life was scattered throughout the Islands like a 12-gauge buck shot. At the time, our main priority was reconnaissance, but then disaster struck!

On our third week there, the Covenant caught on what we were doing. The Cruiser open fire at our outpost. My Spartan commander ordered us to defend as much as we can. The marines were our new priority. Forty-five minutes into the onslaught, the Phantoms came and deployed the foot soldiers dubbed the Execution Squad. A dozen Sangheili Covenant Elites came out of a neon green glowing hole from the belly of the Phantom. Their armour glowed of orange lights, pulsing throughout the suits like a river being pushed through tubes. Their armour also proudly held Sangheili writings on flags and parts of their armour. Their leathery skins matched the hinds of their underarmour that stopped at the base of their heads. Eyes like a lizards, glows in the moons' reflection. Finally they spotted me. The leader shouted at me in their tongues. The soldiers fired their strange weapons. Pulses of blue plasma shells zoom pass by me, nearly scraping my forearm. I quickly reacted with a spray of bullets from my own weapon. They never stood a chance. Well the ones with no shields unlike their lovely leader. The leader was mad! He suddenly reached towards his side belt and pulled out a silver rod with a blue handle. Suddenly a burst of crystal twin blades spew out from the top and bottom of the rod. The crystals were as white as the moons with purple vanes that glowed with an illuminant glory. He then charged towards me with a blind fury. I never seen anything like that before. I was a deer in headlights. I snapped back to reality when the monster fell before me, dead. My commander stood over the corpse.

"Listen up, girl." He use to say. "We need a fire team to go and get rid of that Cruiser!" I did not need to be a genius to know by fire team, he meant me.

I saddle me a modded jet pack, dozens of extra ammo and my trusty MA5D Standard Issued Assault Rifle codename Lil' Bursty. Then it was my time to shine. My mission: to attack the inner core of the Cruiser. Adrenaline fueled my body like an engine. Sweat beats down my brows. The atmosphere grew cooler as I reached the Cruiser kilometers in the sky. Now a problem: getting in. I look desperately for an opening or at least a weak spot. Out of pure luck, an Engineer poked it's ugly head out long enough to allow me to grab the blue turkey neck and showed myself in. I was inside the giant Leviathan, the outer haul to be exact. The hallways of the Cruiser had a very eerie colour scheme of cool colours. Purple doors, blue floors, green lights everywhere. Very depressing. It took a good twenty minutes before reaching the core. A giant mechanism is centre among vines of a wiry jungle with neon blue fluids rushing in and out of a giant energy ball. Now how to destroy such a device? Before figuring out a plan, guards found me and open fire with some other sort of rifles. They fired bright, sharp crystals that pierced my armour like a cushion. A barrage of neon purple needles stormed the small hallway. Each which burst when come contacted with each other. I was blinded by pink clouds that disrupted my VISR. I had no choice but to get rid of my up most important piece of armour I had. The air thicken. The smell of burning sulfur filled my nostrils. I could not bare the smell. But it was a sacrifice I had to make. As my vision came back, I picked up Lil' Busty and blindly fired all thirty-two rounds towards the darkest silhouettes I could find, reloaded, and fired again. Cries of pain and thuds to the floors told me that I won. I quickly thought of a way out. The giant hole in the floor pointing a few kilometers down to the planet below. I grabbed my helmet, clipped three frag grenades, and threw them to the most important looking piece of the core. I then jumped out. A blast of energy and fumes

exited with me. I was then consumed by a haze of neon purple.

Then silence.

I finally awoke. I thought I was dead. Then I realized I was in a secluded Paradise and it was peaceful. Quiet waves hit the shoreline. Gulls called out to others in the distance. The sun gracefully warmed up my face. The Cruiser is swallowed by the liquid window. For a moment I was happy. As my suit went back online, I heard voices from my forgotten helmet, that had a new paint job from the clouds and fumes. As I put it on, the voices became clear. My commander advised me to head towards the nearest UNSC outpost for a new objective. I took off my helmet, sat in the shoreline and watched each of the three suns set behind the clear Equestrian waters

I then smiled for the first time in weeks...

End
file.